Singing Policeman to Get Start Toward Opera Fame

Edward J. McNamara of the Paterson Police Will Appear With Schumann-Heink on Concert Tour

THERE was a hard side to studying singing. For a few hours, work though it was, I would be in the world of classics, as you might call it. Then I was brought back smash!—into the police world. Underworld? No, just the policeman's world—everything sifting by."

That was the way Edward J. McNamara, a Paterson policeman, 28 years old, analyzed the struggle of two years past. The struggle seems to have been worth making though, for it drew him to the attention of Ernestine Schumann-Heink, one of the greatest of contraltos, and Mme. Schumann-Heink has invited

EDWARD J. McNAMARA

Paterson policeman who is to appear in concert with Schumann-Heink.

the Patersonian to appear with her on the concert platform for the season of 1914-15.

"There are some things that the greatest music teachers cannot convey, and Mr. McNamara has them," said Mme. Schumann-Heink.

"I am delighted to be able to bring him to the public notice. Such a voice! Ah! but you have to hear it to comprehend what I mean. It touches the heart completely. I do not know of any way of describing the quality in it that stirs one one so, but perhaps the only word that comes near enough is sincerity."

Edward McNamara, he is six feet tall with an enormous chest. He has black hair, and eyes that puzzle you as to color. They appear blue—they appear a grayish brown. The face and head are massive, but the features are not large and are well shaped. It is a good mouth. That mouth and the kindling glance of the eyes, aided, perhaps, by an unconscious way of folding the arms, give to the man a look of resolution and abundant courage.

When he talks it is in a clear voice, high pitched, but not the least loud. What he says and the way he says it combine to make a strong impression.

"It will be a great thing for me," he said, when the tour that he is to make with Mme. Schumann-Heink was mentioned. "I do not know much about it yet. The whole thing is in her hands.

"There is no contract. Her word is as good as any contract. She offered to take me on tour with her in 1914-15 and I accepted. It is true that I asked reassurance on one point—that I would make enough to look out for my father and mother. My father is a pretty old man—let's see—I should think he is 68. I have to consider him and my mother.

McNamara is a barytone with an extraordinary range—from low F to A flat. He has studied voice culture for two years.

"That's a start," was suggested.

"I don't know," he replied doubtfully. "Some pupils study eight or ten years and then haven't much more than started."

He had no voice—at least, so far as he or any one else knew—until he was 20 years old. He was born in Paterson, went to school there, got through high school and then got a job in the Rogers works of the American Locomotive Company in the city. That is why he has such a big chest and can find breath for long musical phrases without difficulty.

In several respects his career so far has been strikingly like that of the world's greatest and most sensational barytone—Titta Ruffo of Italy. Titta Ruffo, who thrilled New York last winter in Thomas's "Hamlet," was a blacksmith working at the forge when he first found he could sing. Blacksmithing gave him enormous breath support for singing. There is a different quality in McNamara's voice, apparently. Mme. Schumann-Heinck says the young policeman's singing "touches the heart completely." Ruffo's superb barytone has more of the splendid, bold coloring of the brass instruments in an orchestra—a sort of noble, clarion note that thrills rather than overwhelms the heart.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's characterisation is that of an Irish tenor—a voice of irresistible appeal—translated into that of an Italian barytone.

Working in the locomotive plant did not seem to get him anywhere, so young McNamara joined the police force. Since then he has been just a husky, quiet, pleasant young "cop." Two years ago, after he had sung at parties and in church a few times, a handful of friends persuaded him that he had a voice and he became Miss Remington's pupil. His teacher saw at once that he had an exceptional voice and told him so. She also told him of some of the heartbreaking struggles great voices have brought him. He is not wise in all the professional flavor of the studios, of the voice mart, and that is why he sings so freshly, so winningly. The solid foundation of this thing one cannot put one's finger on—this thing that is his gift to keep at all costs—is a fine physique and a splendid natural voice and a right method of breathing and tone production. Now, breathing and tone production are highly—what's the word?—technical parts of voice study. But he has them instinctively. He breathes rightly and amply, without knowing himself how he does it!

"That supreme quality of his singing I lay to his Irish blood. Ah, the Irish! My best friends are among them!"

"Just now America has as many good voices as there are in the world," she went on after a sip of coffee. "That may not last, but American singers now conquer all Europe. But they do not conquer at home! That is why I am glad to aid Mr. McNamara.

"You should hear him sing some things—the prologue to 'Pagliacci,' above all. He sings it incomparably."

McNamara, talking an hour earlier, said:

"Of course I can sing some opera numbers, but when I hear a Metropolitan artist sing the prologue to 'Pagliacci,' for instance, I feel as if I had everything to learn about it."

The young policeman is getting $100 a month. Mme. Schumann-Heink will double or treble that. He does not know what he will do after touring with her. He might continue on the concert stage or he might essay to sing in grand opera. Mme. Schumann-Heink says she considers him equal to any musical career that may tempt him.

IS TELEPHONE WEDDING LEGAL?

LAWYERS and laymen are gossiping over the telephone marriage the other day at Dayton, Ohio, of Louis Motzel and Florence Igou, who were made and wife by a magistrate many miles away in a lumber camp. The couple had hunted in vain for a clergyman, according to report, and were finally advised that a certain "squire" was goodnatured and always willing to oblige. They ran him down finally by telephone, but were informed he would not be in Dayton for a day or two. He cheerfully suggested that they be wed by phone. Witnesses were "cut in" and the ceremony was performed.

Now, was it legal? Some lawyers contend it was. Others say "it won't go." A Nevada attorney in discussing the question told of a case at Reno where a would-be divorcee wished very much to take a certain train east. The judge who had presided when the case was heard had decided to give her a divorce, but having to take a hurried trip he had not signed the necessary papers. The divorcee, as many do, wished to remarry before starting to New York. So the judge was called by telephone. He instructed the lady to go ahead and get married, that his decision was valid. And so indeed the lady judged it, for she married within ten minutes. She spent an anxious six weeks afterward, however, for the paper granting the decree, when finally mailed by the judge, went astray and did not reach its proper destination when expected.

Is a sale by telephone legal? Some lawyers say it is if both parties to it are willing to abide by it, but the instant one demurs then the means of making the bargain is very vulnerable. Take the case of stock sales. On the floor of the exchange unlimited buying and selling takes place by just a word, a look or finger. There is no written agreement. And the same thing is done over the telephone. Sometimes transactions covering hundreds of thousands of dollars depend upon the voice at the other end of the wire. But will it stand the test of legality if pushed to the limit? What would be said if the man or woman supposed to have been the man or woman who gave the order for stock buying or selling should deny that he or she spoke?

ART NEWS

AMERICANS in Paris have had the opportunity this summer to visit a rare collection of paintings of the eighteenth century artists of France and England. This collection was exhibited in the Brunner Galleries. Among the notable pictures is Louis Michel Van Loo's portrait of the Marquise de Montcloux, exhibited for the first time at the Salon of 1759. She is seated on a couch of crimson velvet while a rich hanging embroidered in fleur de lys and gold forms the background for her doll-like petite face and her Oriental costume of white satin embroidered in pearls and gold. A striking contrast to the artificiality of the French beauty is the portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is almost contemporaneous in origin with the Van Loo. In the work of the English artist everything is a revelation of nature. The Duchess is seated in a large armchair and in the dark background is visible a bit of sky. On the arm of her chair is her little daughter, whom she contemplates with a look of motherly ecstasy. Blue and white are the predominating colors in this picture, which is regarded as one of the artist's most successful studies of character. Russell, John Hopper and Sir Henry Raeburn are other English artists in the collection. They are represented by portraits. A fine "Ascension" by Tiepolo, an interior with his usual figures by Jan Steen and some Biblical paintings by Fabritius are other paintings in the collection which have attracted much favorable comment. A notably fine painting is a piece of still life by El Greco. It represents a basket of fruit in the full glare of the sun.

An altar piece by Benvenuto Cellini, which has recently been put again on view in the Fogg Art Museum after having been withdrawn for eleven years, is interestingly described by Edward Forbes in a recent number of the quarterly *Art in America*. It was bought in 1899 in London when its condition was so bad that dealers and critics were afraid to invest in it. It was put through some attempts at restoration in London, but soon after it was brought here the picture again went to pieces and was in worse condition than ever. At last it has been found possible to transfer the canvas successfully in spite of its size—it is 6 by 7½ feet. It was found that the greatest damage to the canvas was noticeable in the lower parts of the draperies. The hands and faces had scarcely been damaged at all. The method adopted in restoring the canvas was to stop short at a point which made it impossible to tell where the work of the artist and the restorer ended. The best methods of restoration now do not attempt to go so far as to conceal the effects of time and other destructive elements. The principle of museums and students now is to restore a picture in such a way that it is possible to recognize the work of the original artist.

The altar piece was probably painted for an Augustinian church in or near Siena, as three of the saints in the painting are connected with that order. The selection of St. John as the fourth saint seems to indicate that the altar piece was painted for a church or chapel named in his honor. The Madonna is seated on a raised throne on a colored marble pavement. Handsome brocade hangs over the back of the throne. The child in her arms is naked but for the bit of veiling which falls over his body. The right hand of the Madonna is on her breast. The bambino holds out one hand in benediction. The other clutches a small bird. Two winged cherubims clasp their hands in prayer behind the throne of the Madonna. St. Nicholas and St. Monica stand on one side of the throne, while in front of St. John kneels St. Augustus in an attitude of adoration.

When the Pre-Raphaelites began to sell their pictures many of them went to public and private collections in Lancashire, where their buyers seemed to be most numerous. Now these Lancashire pictures have been reassembled in a London gallery.

NEW REGISTER OF TREASURY

Gabe E. Parker, new Register of the Treasury.

On all paper money issued by this Government after September 15 the name of a Choctaw Indian will appear as Register of the Treasury, for on that date Mr. Gabe E. Parker of Oklahoma will take charge of that office.

Mr. Parker has been superintendent of the Armstrong Indian Academy for nine years and was a member of the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention. He also designed the seal of that State. Mr. Parker's nomination was sent to the Senate and confirmed on August 11 after the President was compelled, by Democratic opposition, to withdraw the name of an Oklahoma negro.

Making Seventh Avenue the Longest Avenue in the World

Army of Men Will Start To-morrow Morning to Cut Their Many City Blocks of Masonry

AN army of workers with picks and shovels will start to-morrow morning to cut their way through blocks and blocks of masonry to make Seventh avenue the longest avenue in the world. They begin at the southern end where Varick street, from Carmine to Franklin, is to be widened; then they will cut through to meet West Broadway in a big open square and from Carmine street north to West Eleventh street, where the avenue abruptly ends at present, the cars turning into Greenwich avenue running east to Clinton place.

Sleepy old Greenwich Village, with its short streets, crooked alleys, dusty garden plots, dormer windows and gabled roofs, was jolted into unaccustomed wakefulness last May to take part in a wonderful old home week. The tales of other days were told to new ears, but wise ones prophesied danger in the publicity given to the quaint old village, for the giant Improvement would realize possibilities now lying dormant and their peace would be gone in a night. And already the fear has become a reality, for blocks are to be demolished by a tornadolike plan which nips off corners, halves and whole blocks like shears through a plaid gingham gown to make way for the mighty avenue.

The plan was anxiously scanned by interested ones as it lay on the table in the big comfortable dining room in Greenwich House. While the writer was perusing the pages of a valued scrapbook various landmarks that escape for at least this time were gloried in, and those that were doomed brought forth words of genuine sorrow. The boundaries of Greenwich Village are elastic and it is wise not to inquire of old residents just where they are if one does not wish to become enmeshed in a geographical tangle.

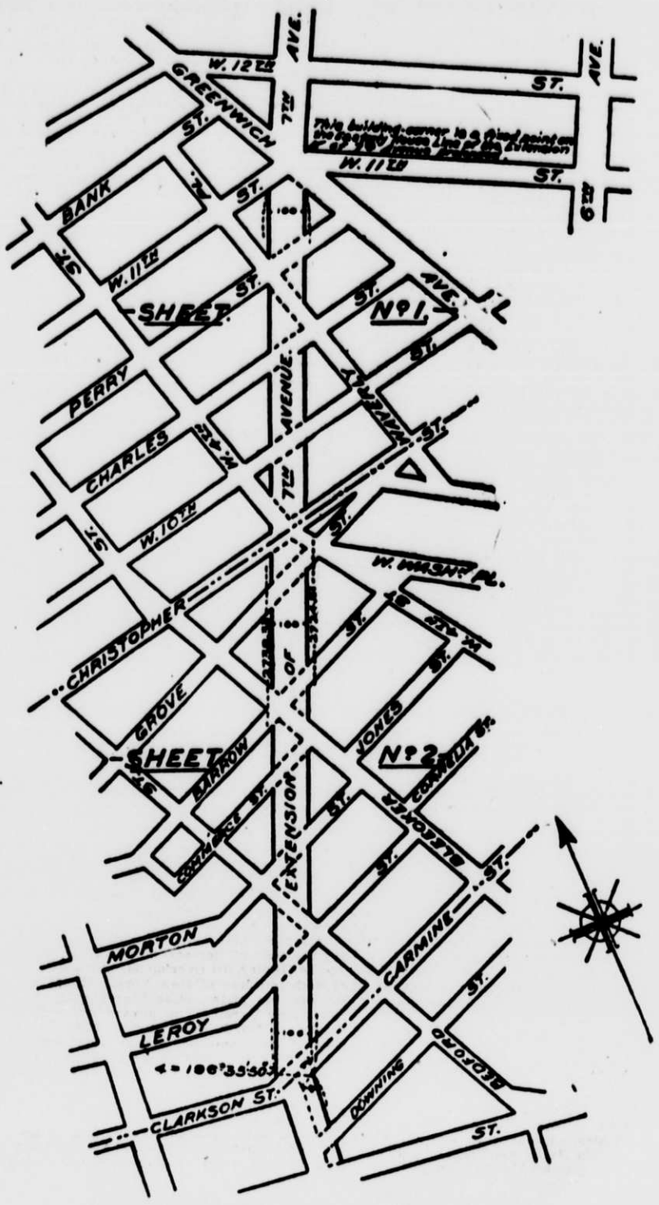
Suffice it to say that when in its early days it was known as Sappokanician, the name of the Indian tribe that inhabited the section, its tepees standing in the year 1609 upon the place now occupied by the Gansevoort Market, it commenced to make history, and has kept it up ever since. Over in the river there are still some antiquated craft hiding in the shelter of modern boats that are registered from Greenwich Village, waiting, as it were, for the march of progress to destroy the village and then sink from view forever.

Along Greenwich road in 1720, when the village adopted its present name, fashionable folk took their daily airing in coaches and Sedan chairs, for the village was then a suburb of the town whose centre was at the Bowling Green of to-day, below the Lispenard meadows. This once fashionable part of the town has been eft in comparative quiet longer than most neighborhoods, but the cry for more room, better traffic facilities, has at last caused this upheaval. Landmarks are dear to all loyal hearts, but this narrow island has become so crowded that every square foot of land must redeem its value, and cents instead of sentiments must rule Up in the air, under ground and to its breadth and length the ingenuity of man has crowded mortar and brick, but yet there is not enough room for all who wish to live within the borders of the city, so there is nothing left to do but reconstruct from within.

Many of the streets were named for old Knickerbocker families that dwelt in the section, and houses where the youth and beauty of fashionable life were entertained have the familiar sign "Boarders wanted" in their muslin curtained windows, while their steep old stone steps are filled with children of different nationalities. In the days of the village glory each family were proud to have a pump and a cistern in the yard, and wrought iron pineapples on their newel posts, and the modern antique hunters are anxiously hunting the pineapples and also the knockers that adorned the old half doors.

Next to old St. Luke's stands the house where Bret Harte's boyhood days were passed and in West Eleventh street stands the home of Mrs. Euphemia Alcott, where she has lived for seventy-seven years. "Quality Row" is in part of the doomed district of the village where over the slender fences the neighbors gossiped long ago, commenting, no doubt, on "Johnny Lookup's" weird fondness for attending funerals, on the meteoric flight to greatness of Polly Smith, the village tomboy, who suddenly blossomed into the ten thousand dollar beauty, Louise Montague, of Adam Forepaugh's circus, later a star of magnitude at Tony Pastor's Theatre.

Where the destroyers will cut the most disturbing swath is from Carmine street to West Eleventh street, through brick, plaster and lath, taking a parlor, bedroom, kitchen, hall or porch from any house that blocks the way. But when all is finished the property that faces the new avenue in time should bring the owners full recompense.



Map showing the extension of Seventh avenue.

Fighting for the Hetch Hetchy Valley

Continued from Third Page.

level—not quite so, for the river flows swiftly from end to end.

Hetch Hetchy's rocks and waterfalls are strikingly like those of the Yosemite in position. Jutting from the south side of the canyon glowers the granite pillar called Kotona, comparable with Cathedral Rock in the Yosemite. It is confronted on the north side with another buttress like Yosemite's, El Capitan.

A traveller has said, "Even the waterfalls of the two great gorges mimic each other."

The Yosemite has its Bridal Veil fall. Hetch Hetchy has Tueeulala, which drops 1,000 feet to the bottom of the valley on the north side. Wapama fall, which sprays against the western wall of Hetch Hetchy, cascades 1,700 feet.

In the canyon of Rancheria Creek, not far from Hetch Hetchy, there is a torrent that beats each of these at feats of tumbling, for its jumping off place is 3,000 feet above the canyon floor. It is not a sheer drop, however. It is a series of cascades.

And it should be pointed out that the waterfalls of Hetch Hetchy are neither so numerous nor so impressive because of volume of water as those of the Yosemite. However, they are wonderful little tricksters and good to look upon, but few persons ever see them.

The trees of Hetch Hetchy are mostly cedar, yellow pine and live oaks—oaks four or five feet thick that were shading the valley before the Declaration of Independence was signed.

Well, San Francisco wants to turn Hetch Hetchy into a lake—it and the adjacent Tuolumne Meadows, described as the largest and best camping ground in the Yosemite National Park, surrounded by forest, in summer a flower garden, a spot where one may sit under his tent flap and feast his eyes on the snow caps of Mount Dana, Mount Lyall, Mount McClure and others of the higher Sierras. But, as has been said, and as practical San Franciscans pointedly remark when John Muir and other friends of the mountains talk of "spoliation," there is hardly any one on hand to enjoy all this scenery.

It was twenty-three years ago that John Muir persuaded the United States to add Hetch Hetchy and the upper Tuolumne to the Yosemite National Park. Nobody thought of Hetch Hetchy as a reservoir site at that time. Mr. Muir was far sighted, but his immediate purpose was to stop depredation in the valley by lumbermen and sheep, which he did.

In 1901 San Francisco, even then in trouble with the privately owned Spring Valley Water Company monopoly and realizing that in a comparatively short time it must have much more water than it was getting, started its campaign to get possession of Hetch Hetchy. In that year Congress supplied an opening wedge by authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to grant, when "not incompatible with the public interests," rights of way through various national forests and through the Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant national parks "for water plants, dams and reservoirs."

Six months later Mayor Phelan of San Francisco filed a claim to Hetch Hetchy rights for his city. On January 20, 1903, he applied for the right of way for a reservoir. His request was denied by Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock.

Mr. Hitchcock said that the act of October 1, 1890, whereby Hetch Hetchy was added to the national park, "makes it obligatory upon the Secretary of the Interior to preserve the natural curiosities and wonders in the park in their natural condition."

He added: "If natural and scenic attractions of the grade and character of Hetch Hetchy are not of the class which the law commands the Secretary of the Interior to preserve and retain in their natural condition it would seem difficult to find any in the park that are, unless it be the Yosemite Valley itself."

President Roosevelt asked also for an opinion from Secretary of Commerce and Labor Victor H. Metcalf, who replied: "Congress did not intend to authorize permits for uses which would permanently alter the natural conditions of the park."

When James R. Garfield succeeded Mr. Hitchcock in the Department of the Interior the San Franciscans tried again to get Hetch Hetchy. He held a hearing in San Francisco and granted to the city contingent water rights in the valley.

He stipulated that Hetch Hetchy could not be touched until the city had made all the use it could of Lake Eleanor, also in the Sierras, which, according to the Geological Survey had enough water to supply all the cities around San Francisco Bay. A board of army engineers was appointed to investigate independently and pass on the engineering features of the city's report. San Francisco asked Congress to confirm Mr. Garfield's grant, but the bill was not voted on.

Meanwhile the friends of Hetch Hetchy were looking around for other sources of water supply. They contended then, as they do now, that the city does not need Hetch Hetchy, that it was trying to grab the valley because water could be brought from there more cheaply than from other places and that Hetch Hetchy was coveted principally because of the money that could be made out of selling electric power.

These searchers found twelve sources of water supply—Lake Tahoe, Feather River, American River, Sacramento River, Eel River, Cache Creek, San Joaquin River, Stanislaus River and Mokelumne River, bay shore gravels, the Bay Cities Water Company's reservoir, and the Spring Valley watershed. But all these that seemed available were owned privately and would be more costly to the city than Hetch Hetchy, without the opportunity of Hetch Hetchy's return in the way of electric energy.

Even if Congress had confirmed Secretary Garfield's provisional grant of water rights in Hetch Hetchy, the city of San Francisco could not have gone ahead with the development, for in order to issue bonds to provide for the $77,000,000 expenditure it would have to have the water rights in perpetuity. So in March, 1910, Secretary of the Interior Ballinger, to whom a new application had been made, visited Hetch Hetchy and directed that an investigation be made by Dr. George [illegible] Smith, director of the Geological Survey, and by Engineers Hill and Hopson of the Reclamation Service.

The result was that Mr. Ballinger, instead of assenting to San Francisco's demand, invited the city to show cause why the Garfield grant should not be revoked, in part at least.

The persistent Californians did not stop fighting. They merely stopped for breath and waited for a change in the Administration at Washington. Meanwhile they quietly brought over to their side by force of argument and demonstration several powerful men who originally had opposed them.

When Representative Raker of California introduced in the present session of Congress his bill granting to the city in perpetuity of the right to use Hetch Hetchy valley for a water reservoir source of electric power San Francisco was better prepared than ever to gain its point. John Muir and Robert Underwood Johnson, Hetch Hetchy's leading defender in the East, succeeded to have the vote postponed in December, but the Public Lands Committee of the House approved the bill unanimously and it was passed.

In return for its long desired San Francisco is bound by the terms of the bill to make the Hetch Hetchy region accessible to the public. It is required to build roads to the valley and around the lake with a boulevard. Campers will be allowed to use the waters under sanitary restrictions. The city must contribute $30,000 a year to the national park improvement. The whole project will be worked out under the supervision of the California Public Utilities Commission.

John Muir is unreconciled. He still says: "Dam Hetch Hetchy! As well dam for water tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated in the heart of man."

California loves John Muir, but San Franciscans say that he is sentimental.